Kentucky Is to Lose Both Its Juleps and Its Colonels

"Marse Henry's" Old Paper Begins Campaign Against Empty Military Titles

BACK in "the good old days," before the war and the h. c. of l. and the "Reds," back in that peaceful era when we didn't realize how nearly utopian our existence was, there used to run through our heads, whenever we thought of old Kentucky, the descriptive lines:

"Where the corn is full of kernels
And the colonels full of corn."

But that also was in "the good old days." The story of how the colonel lost his "cawn juice" at the hands of a benevolent and paternal Congress is already old.

And now, piling Pelion upon Ossa, heaping insult upon indignity, the Kentucky colonel, sah, is to be deprived of his glory, of his chief claim to fame, of his very dignity and title. He is to lose, in fact, his very existence, if the designs of one of his heretofore best friends be carried to a consummation. For, argues "The Louisville Courier-Journal"—"Marse Henry" Watterson's own child—the rank is an absurdity and the honor bunk.

The creation, a few days after his assumption of the reins of state government, of fifty-one colonels at one fell swoop by the newly inaugurated Governor, Edwin P. Morrow, aroused "The Courier-Journal" to words of scorn.

The Governor's Humor

And was it merely a coincidence or his desire to honor the dean of the country's journalists and the foremost son of Kentucky, his friends ask, that led the Governor shortly thereafter to invest Mr. Watterson with the proud title of colonel on the Governor's staff?

Whether intentional or no, it was a fine piece of irony, for "Marse Henry," although he has been called "Colonel" Watterson for lo, these many years, by the press of the country, is decidedly not a believer in such empty titles.

Several times the veteran editor has been tendered commissions by Governors of Kentucky, but "Marse Henry" has consistently turned them back with thanks, refusing the doubtful honor firmly, but always politely—that is, politely as far as his letters of declination were concerned. There is no reason to believe that Mr. Watterson will do otherwise than as he always has done with regard to his latest commission.

One of the primary rules of his paper, one of the first things each "cub" on "The Courier-Journal" had to learn, was that the editor was just "Mr." Watterson, or plain Henry Watterson (and not Henri, either), in the columns of his journal. "Colonel," being a purely honorary and unearned title, was taboo.

"The new executive should think twice before palming upon a real friend one of these absurd titles," was the comment of "The Courier-Journal" upon the recent occasion of Governor Morrow's shower of commissions. "They should be reserved for persons whom the Governor dislikes. It's a dollar to a tin sword that the Governor could never think of a sweeter revenge than to sneak up on an enemy—one who has never smelled powder and never will smell powder—and while the latter isn't looking pin a 'colonelcy' on his swallow-tail coat."

The ranks of the goated and mustached colonels, already wavering under one cruel constitutional blow, are reported to have crumbled before this unkindest thrust.

"The Governor shall appoint the Adjutant General and other officers of his staff."

This is the language of the Constitution, legal authority for that adjunct of the state's military system, "aide-de-camp on the Governor's staff with the rank of colonel."

Immemorial usage gives sanction to the bestowal of the title upon those the Governor is pleased to honor, and folks about Frankfort remember, in the days of Proctor Knott and Simon Bolivar Buckner, seeing the aides, resplendent in gold braid and shoulder knots, with swords a-dangle, conspicuous at the Governor's receptions.

Acting Governor Charles A. Wickliffe had three of them on his staff in 1836. There was a notation in his minutes of the appointment of aides without any designation of rank.

It was in those early days that the state militia system was undergoing a fundamental change, initiating the volunteer organization of the National Guard, such as exists to-day, and the staff officers gradually altered from the character of a useful adjunct of the military establishment to a purely ornamental position in the executive suite.

Back in the early thirties of the last century Kentucky had as many as 123 regiments of militia, three or four major generals, a corporal's guard of brigadiers, and almost as many active colonels as Governors Stanley and Black, the immediate predecessors of the incumbent, designated on their respective staffs; a goodly platoon of majors, and so many captains and lieutenants that the Assistant Secretary of State fell into the habit of entering on the journal the appointment of "sundry" company and platoon officers.

In those days every able-bodied man between the ages of eighteen and forty-five was a member of the state militia. They even had annual musters. The state was divided into regimental territories and every man liable to military duty in the territory was enrolled as a member of that regiment. Governor Isaac Shelby's journal consists almost exclusively of the appointment of militia officers and calls on the state militia to put down Indian uprisings during the term of office of the state's first chief executive.

It is conjectured that a staff position in those days excused a man from active service in the militia, although the Governor's staff, in view of the large military establishment, may have had some real duties to perform. At all events, as the old system gradually sank into non-observance, the staff multiplied, and as the list of real generals, colonels and majors shrank, the list of aides with the rank of colonel increased.

As late as Governor McCreary's time his seventy aides wore dress uniforms, swords and gold braid, and added a gorgeous touch to popular gatherings at the executive mansion, almost outshining the ladies in the splendor of their attire. With the outbreak of the war, uniforms, except for service, were taboo, and no part of the military dress of the United States army could be worn by civilians. Consequently, few of the hundred-odd colonels on Governor Stanley's staff ever purchased uniforms.

Governor Black during his brief tenure added fifty-eight to the total number of Kentucky colonels, and Governor Morrow in the month he has been in office has created fifty-five aides with the honorary rank. The first commission he issued was a compliment to the mentor and guiding genius of the Republican party in Kentucky, A. T. Hert, Republican national committeeman.

Pointing out the fact that the Constitution makes the Governor commander in chief of both the army and navy of Kentucky and that the navy's rights to a few officers have been lamentably ignored, "The Courier-Journal" "arises to champion its rights to some admirals, or e'en commodores."

Kentucky's Navy Slighted

"Let the voices of a million Kentuckians sound and resound through the sweeps of the soft valleys and up the slopes of the everlasting hills until they echo gloriously and terrifyingly against this foul and unjust discrimination against the state's approximately gallant and almost invincible navy!"

Having raised its voice in defense of the Kentucky navy, "The Courier-Journal" next turned its attention to the urgent need of an up-to-date model of the uniform of the Kentucky colonels, which as at present constituted is said to be entirely too simple for the distinguished military part they will be called upon to play at receptions, banquets and parades. It is too much, possibly, like a mixture of the uniform of Admiral Sir Joseph Porter in "H. M. S. Pinafore" and a costume of a Knight of Pythias.

Says the editor:

"The task of designing a modern outfit is one requiring a high quality of the aesthetic. No aspersion of the Governor's talent in that line is intended when we say firmly that we doubt the Governor's artistic training for preparing this important bit of sartorial architecture himself. He might make the mistake of resorting to the Doric or the Renaissance pattern, when more deftly trained designers would show that the model should be Corinthian superimposed upon twentieth century Mansard. It might be that a touch of the twenty-first century should be introduced in anticipation of the future and in justification of the colonels' rights to be in the lead in matters of time as well as in matters of pageantry.

"Therefore, 'The Courier-Journal' urges the Governor immediately to appoint a commission for a reformation of the uniform of the colonels of his staff, early action being desirable in the interest of the tailors—since fifty-eight uniforms might now cause little trouble, although thousands later on might produce a congestion of huge consequence to everybody who wears clothes in Kentucky."

Commission on Uniforms

Pursuing the topic, it is suggested by the writer that the commission be limited to five and that it consist of one milliner, one architect, one scene painter, one wholesale hardware dealer and one photographer. The editorial continues:

"The commission should, in turn, give consideration to the suggestion that a colonel should not be limited to carrying just one sword. He should be permittted to carry two—one in each hand. There should be some form of distinguished service medal for bestowal upon such colonels as look the handsomest in costume, or for such other triumphs as their military careers might disclose. Occasionally one of the colonels without the shadow of doubt will suffer from wounded feelings, and a form of wound stripe should be prepared for use in such an emergency.

"Plainly the present system is antiquated. It should be instantly modified. The colonels should be the most dazzling monuments in Kentucky, even if we must electric-light 'em."

THE "COURIER-JOURNAL" suggests the appointment of a commission to plan a uniform for the Kentucky colonel that shall be a cross between the uniform of Sir Joseph Porter and a Knights of Pythias costume

Waverley House Fiction Is Much Stranger Than Truth

Sad, Sweet Stories That Are Very Seldom True

MILDRED and I think we know a deal about human nature and human values. We pride ourselves upon having reached the point some several years ago where we can tell the false from the true.

Mildred has been on the stage, and I have been on newspapers, and in the last five years we have met and dealt with all kinds of persons. It is pretty hard to fool us.

So when we met Genevieve we were agreed that she was a very much misunderstood little girl.

We met Genevieve at Waverley House, 38 West Tenth Street. That is where the police, the courts, the Travelers' Aid Society and other organizations send wayward girls for observation and investigation before they decide what shall be done with them. The girls are between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one. They are runaway girls, or girls whose families cannot manage them, accused of delinquency or petty larceny. The women at Waverly House take care of them, win their confidence, examine them mentally and physically and then make recommendations as to what shall be done with them.

Her Sad, Sweet Face

Seeing Genevieve in the office, where she had been called to receive a caller, who proved to be a hotel detective, Mildred and I were immediately interested by the sad expression and lovely features of the appealing child. The cold-faced detective's questioning of the beautiful child aroused our sympathy. We asked the matron, Mrs. De Brenna, to let us talk to her.

In the great sitting room of Waverley House, a comfortable, homelike place, Genevieve received us. The casual observer would have thought that she was the hostess and we her guests at afternoon tea.

She smiled a sweet, sad smile and drew from her bosom a tiny picture, which she gazed at and kissed in preoccupied fashion. Her face is almost spirituelle.

"Your baby?" said Mildred, hesitatingly. Knowing that Genevieve had never been married she tried to be delicate about it.

"Yes," said Genevieve, with a far-away expression in her eyes. "And it almost seems a dream. He lived such a short time that it seems as if I just dreamed he was at all."

Mildred and I sighed and looked at the picture of the baby, a sweet-looking youngster.

"That detective was a coarse-looking man," I said.

My conscience pricked me, because I have met several very jolly human detectives in my work.

"Oh, he was very kind," said Genevieve, "he wasn't cross. He said he was sorry to have to question me, that he would hate to have his sister in my place. The detective that found me was a mean man, though. He came to where I was working and started right in being rough."

Embarrassed Inquisitors

Again Mildred and I were rather embarrassed. You see, Genevieve had been accused of having stolen from one of the big hotels where she had been working. The missing clothing had been found in a furnished room she had taken after leaving the hotel. However, we hated to accuse her of stealing, even in our intimations. Genevieve didn't mind, though. She went on blandly:

"I knew I'd be caught after I had taken the things. I tried to put them back when I learned that the hotel people were looking for me. But it was too late. The coat I took wasn't very good, and the dress didn't fit me. So I didn't want the things, anyway, but it was too late to get them back.

"My heart nearly stopped beating when I saw that detective who was after me. I went with him, and I said to him at once, 'Don't say anything; I'll not try to get away.' But getting on the street-car and going along the street he tried to yank my arm. And before the chief came in at the hotel he talked to me awful.

"The chief was very good to me. He said they didn't want to put me in jail and would send me here for a while, instead of putting me away."

"Are any of your family here?" I asked.

"Family!" said Genevieve with great scorn. "There isn't anybody except a brother in Boston. He has had a chance to help me and wouldn't. I would never ask him again.

"I came from Russia with an aunt when I was very little"—the faraway look returned to her eyes. "My father had married again, and I didn't like his wife. So I lived with my aunt. My father came to this country before we did. My aunt and I had a hard time escaping, and when we got to this country we had a hard time getting in because of eye disease."

What Could One Expect?

The little "Russian" went on with a long story of hardships and unhappy home conditions. Mildred and I were very sorry. What could be expected of a girl who had no more chance in life?

It reminded us of motion pictures we had seen, I suppose. Anyway, some suggestion brought moving pictures into the conversation. Genevieve told us much of them. She had seen many more than either of us, and her criticisms were clever and to the point.

Suddenly Mildred had a wonderful idea. She knew something of the pictures, having been in several.

"Genevieve's face would screen wonderfully," she said.

Genevieve was all animation.

"Would you like that?" asked Mildred.

Would she? No need to answer.

Together we arranged it. Genevieve was to be patient and good at Waverley House. Mildred would get a chance for her to be introduced into moving pictures or something, however they get in. I—well, there wasn't anything I could do except to lend my moral support to the project.

We left in high spirits. We felt that we were going to do something for one of our downtrodden sisters and were glowing with sympathy and a desire to do good. Frankly, I was so captivated by Genevieve that had the Waverley House permitted I should have taken her home with me as a poor little sister. Fortunately, Waverley House does not act until it has made several thorough investigations.

Yes, a Remarkable Girl

Our plans were laid and the proper openings had been made for getting Genevieve into her chosen profession. We felt that she would have a chance to show the world that she was the wonderful person we thought her.

Mildred and I went back to Waverley House to see whether we could take her out to tea to tell her the news and plan for the start she was to have as a great picture star.

Mrs. De Brenna agreed with us that Genevieve was an unusual girl and far above the average mentally of those who come to Waverley House. But she could not let her go with us. To make a long story short, Genevieve had been found to be one of the worst girls who had ever come under the care of Waverley House. The recommendation would be made that she be sent to an institution. As Dr. Montague, the psychiatrist of Waverley House, said, there were many things Genevieve might teach the delinquent women in an institution, but there was nothing she could learn from them.

Genevieve had never been nearer Russia than the moving picture theater. She had a comfortable home in Massachusetts and respectable parents who were willing to take her back if she would stay with them. The baby whose picture we had seen, not her first, by the way, she had tried to kill several times. She had run away with the husband of one of her benefactors. She had stolen since she was nine years old. In fact, the investigation brought reports of a bad record for the girl from a number of Pennsylvania towns, from Boston and New York. Mentally and physically, the tests showed that she was above the average.

The Professional Way

So much for the amateur investigator.

Waverley House has a corps of trained women who investigate the cases of girls at the pre-delinquent age. Mrs. De Brenna, as the head of the house, takes great pride in her work, and it is through her personal work with many of these girls that a large percentage of them have been salvaged.

"We win their confidence," said Mrs. De Brenna last week, "by treating them fairly and never misrepresenting anything. Some of them tell fantastic stories when they first come. But there is a way to get at the truth about each one. We work until we find it. I have seen girls who, when they finally make up their minds to tell the truth, seem greatly relieved."

The mental and physical examinations made by Dr. Montague also carry the investigation a long way. She decides the cases according to their mentality. Many are sent to asylums for the insane, others to homes for the defective, and those that average fairly high are the cases that call for deliberation.

In these cases sometimes the girl is sent back to her parents. Sometimes she is committed to an institution, and sometimes she is put on probation under the care of Waverley House and a job is found for her.

Waverley House was established in New York City in 1908. It is a temporary home for delinquent women, where they can remain until their individual needs are studied.

True and False

Soon after Waverley House was opened men and women interested in the home met and formed the New York Probation Association. The association at once assumed responsibility for Waverley House and adopted a program of reformative and preventive work.

The distinctive thing about Waverley House is the individual method of handling cases. After the girl has told her story, the supposedly true one, an investigation is made by correspondence and interview with the persons who may know her. By the time she has been examined mentally and physically the results of outside investigation are beginning to come in. That it is not safe to accept the word of the house's guest is shown by the disillusionment of myself and Mildred in regard to Genevieve.

WHILE the girls are confined at Waverley House an effort is made to make them feel at home. They assemble around a big table in the pleasant living room in the evenings and sew or do basket weaving

The Social Workers Learn to Steel Their Hearts